

I Can Tell You What We Weren't Doing

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Summary: Red vs Blue! Set during Episode 46 just what were Griff and Simmons doing in the shade for two hours? SLASH!

1. Two Hours

AN: Inspired by Episode 46 of Red vs Blue. You kids know I don't own anything here. Griff and Simmons are property of those awesome guys at RoosterTeeth, and Halo belongs to Bungie and Microsoft. As a side note, I'd feel so embarrassed if Geoff or Gus (or any of them, really) saw this, which is silly because I post these in my journals over there.

I Can Tell You What We Weren't Doing

"Way to go, dumbass," was Simmons' scathing comment as he climbed from the passenger seat of the jeep. Griff did the same from the driver's side.

"How was I supposed to know there was a ditch right there? Besides, you were the one telling me to go faster."

Simmons' reply was accompanied by an unseen eye roll. "I told you, the dynamite was going to go off. Anyway, I had to throw it." An explosion a small distance away punctuated the statement. The pair turned to watch a cloud of fire blossom into the sky. After it had cleared, Griff leaned against the rock wall of the ditch and removed his helmet. Simmons couldn't help but stare incredulously as the orange-clad soldier pulled a cigarette and lighter out of a small, waterproof compartment. Griff lit up and took a deep drag, sighing softly.

"What?" he asked Simmons, feeling the other's gaze on him.

"You're smoking." Griff stared at Simmons like he was an idiot.

"Yeah, and?" Simmons released an exasperated sigh and removed his helmet so that he could properly glare at his teammate.

"I've told you repeatedly not to. I don't want you messing up my body the same way you messed up yours." Simmons' single robotic eye gaze, balefully and unblinking, at Grif, and he found himself feeling uncomfortable. Fidgeting with his cigarette, Grif turned his back to Simmons, his face showing an agitation he didn't want his teammate to see.

"You just want to control me, don't you?" Grif was surprised by his own words. He didn't really mean that, did he? Before he could contemplate any further, however, he heard Simmons.

"What are you talking about? I've never made any attempt to control you." As much as he wanted to turn around, Grif didn't. He had a sinking feeling that something was going to happen if he did. It wasn't often he got these insights, and he took them seriously when they did appear.

"Yes you have," he replied, raising his voice to be heard over his shoulder. His fingers, those not occupied with a cancerous stick, began picking at the rock wall in front of him.

"When?" came Simmons' disbelieving voice. Grif heard the faint whirr of his teammate's joints moving, the only indication of his approach. Grif took a quick drag, feeling his nerves settle just a little. Before he could take a second he was spun forcibly around, the end of his cigarette flaring red with the sudden application of oxygen. He found himself face to face with an agitated Simmons.

"When have I tried to control you?" The words came through clenched teeth, as though Simmons were trying to hold something in, and he was very close to Grif. For some reason, that made the orange-clad soldier angry.

"Just now, for one," he returned heatedly. Grif's eyes, one his own brown, the other Simmons' green, narrowed and locked with Simmons'. The gaze held for several tense moments, neither of them saying a word until Simmons broke eye contact, looking instead back at the jeep.

"Come on, we've got to get this thing out of here." Grif stared in a slight state of shock as Simmons turned back to the recently repaired jeep.

"I can't believe you!" The words seemed to expel themselves from Grif's mouth by means of an independent force. "You won't admit it!" In front of him, Simmons had stopped in his tracks, his back still to Grif.

"Admit what?" His words were low, coming out as almost a growl as he turned to face his teammate again.

Grif couldn't help but take a few steps toward the cyborg. "You were trying to control me. You just won't admit that I was right and you were wrong!" He wanted to say more; however, Simmons had taken the opportunity to cover Grif's mouth with his.

Time froze. Seconds passed like hours, and then Grif leapt back,

sputtering and wiping his mouth. "What the hell was that!" he half-panted, half-yelled at his maroon-clad teammate. Simmons remained cool and unruffled, minus the heated look in his eye.

"That was getting you to shut the fuck up." In a manner so calm it was almost menacing, he took a step towards Grif. The orange soldier scrambled backwards, stopping only when he ran into the rock wall of the ditch.

"The fuck are you doing?" Grif unsuccessfully tried to keep the slight note of fear out of his voice, his eyes wide as Simmons continued his approach. The cyborg said nothing; he merely continued to advance, stopping only when he was less than a foot from his teammate. "Simmons?" Grif's voice, still a bit harsh, had a definite note of uncertainty in it.

"You never learn, do you, cockbite?" Before Grif could react, Simmons' lips were on his again, onlyâ€¢this time was different. There was something, a spark, a jolt that made Grif push against Simmons. Now it was Simmons' turn to step back. He assessed the look of his teammate; Grif was quite clearly using the wall for support, his eyes wide and his expression slightly dazed and confuddled.

Grif only vaguely registered that he was staring at Simmons, let alone that his teammate had stoppedâ€¢kissing him. He was a bit too busy focusing on the fact that there had been _something_ in that simple lip-to-lip contact. '_Howâ€¢what the hellâ€¢?' When did Simmonsâ€¢?'_ Thinking of the cyborg cleared Grif's mind enough to realize that he was smirking at him, a sight that made Grif incredibly incensed.

"Simmons, what the fuck are you doing?" His voice was harsh, defensive as he drew himself up and pulled away from the wall that had so recently become his friend. The subject of his inquiry had to pull away from staring at the way Grif's rich brown hair fell into his face, shading those dual-colored eyes that sparked with anger.

"You know, Donut would cut your hair for you if you wanted him to," the maroon soldier murmured. Grif spluttered, unable to respond for several moments.

"Why would I want Donut to cut my hair?" Grif's voice was growing progressively louder, and he brought his cigarette to his lips in an attempt to calm some nerves. It never reached his mouth as Simmons reached out and plucked it from his fingers.

"None of that, I told you." The cyborg extinguished Grif's cigarette on the wall next to his head, causing the orange soldier to jump a little bit. Simmons' expression was growing angry and Grif couldn't help but wonder what the hell Simmons' was getting angry at. _He_ was the one whose vice was brutally stubbed out, damn it!

"What the fuck is up with you today, Simmons? You're crazier than usual." Simmons' eyes hardened.

"Me? What the fuck is up with you? You're so damn-argh!" He threw his hands up in disgust, unable to voice is meaning and settling for a loud, aggravated noise.

"Like you're not?" Griff, feeling his normal confidence returning with the upsurge of anger, stepped towards Simmons. "You always have to be such a kiss-ass. You're too busy doing that to even think about the rest of us unless it's to insult." By the end of his tirade, Griff was poking Simmons' chest forcefully, forcing the other private to back up a few steps.

"Of course I do!" Simmons retaliated. "Just because you're always acting like a retarded monkey doesn't mean I don't care. You just don't fucking see it! You never have." Simmons felt very close to shouting, and he was breathing heavily, his sweat-free hair moving in the wind.

"Are you saying we can't talk?" Griff's voice felt loud in his ears, and rough, not at all how he wanted to sound.

Simmons was taken aback. "Are you saying we aren't talking?" He cocked his head to one side, his anger draining from his body.

Griff looked at the other man hesitantly. "What are you saying?"

Simmons blinked once, an unnecessary but habitual action. "What are you saying?" He took a breath. "I'm sayingâ€|I feel bad that youâ€|feel badâ€|" The cyborg's voice dropped, unsure of himself for one of the few times in his life.

Griff sighed softly but sincerely. "We never thinkâ€|" he trailed off slightly for a moment. "I never thought you'd want me to share my thoughts andâ€|well."

Simmons took a deep breath, catching Griff's eyes. "I was afraid, really. I mean, what with everything being the way it was..."

"But I didn't know, and you didn't know, and it just gotâ€|messy," Griff picked up on Simmons' train of thought. "I mean, when you get down to it, I'm not mad that you got mad that I got mad when you said I should go drop dead."

Simmons felt his face flush a little as he remembered that disastrous conversation. "Butâ€|now it's out in the open, right?" He looked at his teammate hopefully. Griff couldn't help but grin a little in return.

"Off our chests," he confirmed with a nod. Simmons flashed a quick smile, stepped up to Griff and kissed him. It was soft, gentle, unlike their previous explorations with lip-to-lip contact, and Griff found himself opening up, becoming more relaxed and responsive to the way Simmons's arms were wrapped around his waist.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Simmons felt Griff respond to the kiss, returning it hesitantly. Griff's hands moved to grasp Simmons' upper arms, armored though they were, as he took a minuscule step closer. A tongue asked for silent entrance and was admitted; things escalated from there.

Before either could really comprehend their actions, Simmons' hands, a thrilling combination of human flesh and cool metal, had unlocked Griff's chest plate and were pulling at the zipper of his bodysuit. Griff, meanwhile, had his hands thoroughly tangled in Simmons'

inordinately clean hair and was pinning the other man partially against the rock wall, suckling along his jaw and neck.

Simmons moaned, hands pausing in their struggle to clutch at Grif's back as he felt his knees go weak. Lifting his head somewhat, he leaned forward and captured Grif's ear in his mouth, smirking at the other man's needy response.

Before another few minutes passed they found themselves both half-stripped of their armor, panting on the ground. Simmons pulled his mouth away from Grif's collarbone to see his teammate with his head back, eyes lightly closed and lips parts, breathing heavily. '_Dear God in heavenâ€|'_ Simmons blinked and shook his head, trying to get his thoughts back together.

"Grif?" he asked softly, his voice husky. The other's eyes became slits as he registered that Simmons had stopped whatever magic he was working that made him feel soâ€|_wanted.' _

"Hm?" Grif grunted, unable to make any other coherent sound.

"Do you want toâ€|keep going?" Simmons hadn't moved, and his proximity, the scent of him that was part cool metal and part human spice, was not helping Grif to focus. As it was, he could barely nod; there was nothing he wanted more than to keep feelingâ€|whatever this was.

Simmons licked his lips, his nerves settling a bit. "If you're sureâ€|" he trailed off, his hand trailing down Grif's side to his waist where the top of his bodysuit lay bunched against his skin. The cyborg caught his teammate's lips in a kiss that grew rapidly into something this author would rather not describe.

Some time later, Simmons pressed a light kiss to Grif's sweat-dampened forehead. Said teammate was exhausted; after all, that was more physical exercise than he'd done since arriving at Blood Gulch, and right now all Simmons wanted to do was cuddle.

Grif slowly woke to a feeling of comfort and safety. He automatically snuggled closer to the source of the feeling, causing Simmons to chuckle softly and wake him further. Grif barely opened his eyes to glare at Simmons.

"Just because I let you have your way with me doesn't mean you're superior." The smirk faded from the cyborg's face as he grew serious.

"Listen, Grif, Iâ€|" He shook his head, trying to clear it, or maybe just to banish the traitorous thoughts. Grif propped himself up on his elbows.

"What? Do you want to go back to being Sarge's favorite again? Forget this ever happened?" He couldn't keep all of the bitterness out of his voice, and he felt Simmons sigh next to him.

"No. I don't. I mean, we can't let Sarge know. Butâ€|I don't want to lose this. You." Simmons felt Grif nod.

"Then we'll talk about it later. I want to sleep." Surprisingly strong, fully organic arms pulled them back to the ground and Simmons

couldn't help but chuckle again, wrapping his arms snuggly around his lazy teammate.

"Later." For such a simple word, it held a lot of hope and promise.

_ Owari_

2. Little Gifts

A/N: This is the follow-up to "I Can Tell You What We Weren't Doing". Set around Christmas time. Hope you enjoy!

Little Gifts

Grif sighed, looking dejectedly out over the canyon. It was Christmas, but then again, it wasn't. It couldn't be a proper Christmas at all, not without at least some semblance of the holiday spirit. Somehow, the eternal sunshine and heat of Blood Gulch Outpost Number One didn't quite cut it.

He sighed again, what little energy he had draining from him. The heat, the goddamn heat just sucked his energy all the time. He couldn't even find the enthusiasm to light up. Grif leaned back against the wall on top of the base, feeling his eyes start to slide closed.

"Hey Grif!" Slowly, the orange-clad soldier turned to the source of the interruption.

"What, kissass?" For some reason, the sight of Simmons just made him surly. Ever since they'd made their way back to Blood Gulch, things had beenâ€|strained between them. Grif snorted softly in derision, closing his eyes to the midday sun. 'We only had those two hours. There hasn't been anything since then. Was I just dreaming it?'

A soft touch on Grif's shoulder caused him to grunt acknowledgement. He caught sight of his teammate from the corner of his eye and noticed the cyborg wasn't wearing his helmet. "Grif, can you take off your helmet?" Simmons voice was soft, like it had been that day all those weeks agoâ€|

Complying, Grif slowly removed his helmet, wincing a little when the full heat of the canyon hit him. Squinting against the invasive light, he turned to face Simmons. "Yeah?" Grif felt vulnerable, as he hadn't felt since that day.

Simmons had a half-smile on his face, as though he found something pleasing. Grif was growing uncomfortable and self-conscious under his gaze and dropped his eyes to the ground, trying to avoid Simmons' eyes.

The maroon-clad soldier seemed to snap out of his daze. "Here. Merry Christmas." He held for a smallish package towards Grif, which the intended recipient merely stared at.

"What?" Grif couldn't take his eyes off the package, wrapped in some kind of paper decorated to look marginally festive.

"It's a Christmas present." Simmons's face flushed softly. Cautiously, expecting it to explode in his face at any moment, Grif pulled off the wrapping paper.

"Cigars?" He looked at Simmons, surprised. "You got me cigars?" His voice was pleasantly shocked. Simmons felt his blush increase.

"Your cigarettes stink, and these smell better," he mumbled. For some reason this made Grif feel happy.

"You care about the smell of my cancer-sticks?"

Simmons head shot up to meet Grif's gaze, his eyes surprisingly intense. "Yes. I do." Quickly, he grabbed Grif's arm and pulled the other private to him for a soft, gentle kiss. "I always care."

End
file.